

# Yavin: The Big Red One

## Planet Hoppers: July–August 2004

By [Cory Herndon](#)

Welcome to "Planet Hoppers," where each month, we bring you a set of articles on a particular world in the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* galaxy that a Gamemaster can use separately, as a linked series of events, or as a springboard for all-new adventures.

This month's installment follows a lone Rodian treasure hunter on the trail of her family's long-lost legacy, hidden among the planets and moons of the Yavin system. Be sure to check back each week for a new installment.

### Part 1: Giant

In which Suz Tanwa hitches a ride and hits paydirt deep within the turbulent atmosphere of mighty Yavin.

### Part 2: Lucky Thirteen

In which our treasure-hunting heroine encounters unexpected natives and the face of her long-dead ancestor on bone-dry Yavin 13.

### Part 3: Crazy Eight

In which something fishy is going on in the freshwater lakes riddling the mountain ranges of icy Yavin 8.

### Part 4: Four Sighted

In which treasure hunter and xenoarchaeologist Suz Tanwa visits the part of Yavin 4 no one ever goes to see -- the part without the gigantic temples.

### Part 5: Twenty-Two Catch

In which our heroine meets an old friend and makes one last amazing discovery on the tiny captured asteroid known as Yavin 22.

### **About the Author**

One-time *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* editor Cory J. Herndon is now a freelancer. Cory's work has appeared in *Amazing Stories*, *Duelist*, *TopDeck*, *Star Wars Gamer*, *Dragon*, and SCIFI.com. He has done additional design work on the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook (primarily the Droids chapter), *The Dark Side Sourcebook* (creatures and archetypes), and the *Wheel of Time Roleplaying Game*. He is also the author of Volumes 5 and 6 of the **Magic: The Gathering Encyclopedia**. Cory's short story "Like Spider's Silk" appears in the *Secrets of Magic* Anthology. He asks that you please purchase a copy of it and the **D&D** novel *The Living Dead* for every room in your home. Cory is currently authoring original content for Xbox.com, writing the third book in an upcoming *Magic: The Gathering* novel trilogy, and continuing to design *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* material for the Wizards website.

# Part 1: Giant

By Cory Herndon

*In the days before the New Republic, common galactic wisdom held that all Rodian males feel the call of the hunt, while all Rodian females feel the call of performing for money, child-rearing, and food preparation.*

*Common galactic wisdom about Rodians has largely been written by Rodian males. It is largely incorrect.*

*Take Suz Tanwa, perhaps the most well-known Rodian female in the New Republic (outside of popular holo entertainment). Never joined to a mate, the eldest (and thus far only) scion of her clan plied her trade as an independent treasure hunter on the Outer Rim for almost two decades before making her fortune. Now one of the wealthiest and most renowned figures on Rodia, the current Chair of Xenoarchaeology at Coruscant's most prestigious university has finally released her memoirs to a public eager for details of her legendary exploits.*

*Suz Tanwa's memoirs are of special interest to the head of the Jedi Academy on Yavin 4, since it was in the Yavin system that she went from rags to riches. According to journal entries reproduced in her autobiography, the Rodian had significant help from a long-deceased ancestor.*

## Yavin

**Planet Type:** Gas giant

**Climate:** Hostile (chemical and magnetic storms)

**Terrain:** Gas giant

**Atmosphere:** Toxic

**Gravity:** Heavy (400% standard)

**Diameter:** 198,500 km

**Length of Day:** 24 standard hours

**Length of Year:** 4,818 standard days

**Sentient Species:** None

**Languages:** None

**Population:** Indigenous floating gasbag creatures (upper atmosphere)

**Species Mix:** None

**Government:** None

**Major Exports:** None

**Major Imports:** None

**System/Star:** Yavin

**Region:** Outer Rim

Planets	Type	Moons
Fiddanl	Searing rock/mercury	0
Stroiketcy	Iceball	0
Yavin	Gas giant	26

## Captain Suz Tanwa's Hunt Log

*Target: "Family Jewels"*

*System: Yavin*

*In-system: 2.5 standard hours*

And to think I almost pawned the old amulet for a few hundred lousy credits. You can't blame me, though. The thing is hideous. It's also very, very old. Been in my family for over two hundred generations, or so the story goes. And over those two hundred generations -- something like four thousand years -- the amulet's secret had been lost or forgotten by the clan.

See, the amulet my grandfather gave me, the one that supposedly belonged to a very distant ancestor of mine who helped save the clan from extinction so long ago, the one hanging from the tarnished chain around my neck - well, it's no amulet. It's a cleverly concealed ancient data crystal. And if I've interpreted the ancient Rodese correctly, it shows the location of five priceless treasures, any one of which might be enough to buy me my own moon, if not my own planet.

The only problem? Location, location, location.

The treasure is all located in one system. That part's convenient. The inconvenience is that this system was just recently the site of a Rebel terrorist attack. Personally, the Empire isn't my favorite group of space-hopping fascists, but then again they didn't survive this particular fight. The Rebels destroyed some kind of space station in the system near the fourth moon of the gas giant, and they're running an equally large salvage operation out near that moon right now.

No worries for me. Not yet anyway. According to the data crystal and my approach vector, the place to look first is the atmosphere of Yavin itself.

Yavin is one of those gas giants that looks like it missed out on starhood by a very slim margin. You wouldn't believe how *bright* it is. Yet according to my scans, there's no fusion going on down there. Just a very cold metallic hydrogen core under unbelievable pressure. Photons enter the red-orange atmosphere and get trapped, giving the planet incandescence even on its dark side. It's not really self-generated light, but it's close enough. The Yavin-light is one likely reason so many of the gas giant's moons (three!) can support life. It ensures a semiconstant day/night cycle on those worlds as they orbit.

### **A Corellian transport approaches a gem-fishing station above Yavin.**

That's assuming life here developed naturally. What I've learned from this ancient piece of crystal around my neck makes me wonder.

TU-5 just informed me that the stone-fishing vessel is returning our signal. Looks like they'll be willing to let me buy a ride, though it's not going to be cheap. But "cheap" is relative, considering the value of what I'm after.

In case this is the last entry I make -- there's any number of ways this particular archaeological expedition could get me killed -- I'm attaching the registration beacon ID and scan records of their vessel along with this datafile and storing both in TU's dedicated memory. He also contains my will and the translated contents of my little family heirloom.

## GM Notes: Corusca Fishing in Yavin's Atmosphere

Yavin's unusual composition and intense atmospheric pressures (the same features that give the mighty red-orange globe its ethereal, permanent glow) induce the creation of Corusca stones, gems that have the same light-retaining properties as the planet itself. Even in darkness, a Corusca gem will give off a glittering glow. Corusca stones come in varying sizes, though usually no bigger than a humanoid's head, spinning through Yavin's turbulent upper atmosphere at high speeds.

The stones are one of the hardest naturally occurring substances in the galaxy, and can easily puncture the hull of an unprotected starship (which would also have to deal with the atmospheric forces of wind shear and crushing pressure even at shallow depth). Yet the stones are too valuable for the danger to keep people from trying, and for every heavily shielded, specially designed fishing vessel that's lost to a freak storm or a collision with one of the many species of massive, nonsentient "floaters," there's another returning to port well outside the Yavin system with a fortune in the cargo hold. Trawlers carry a small fleet of one-man skiffs that carry between them a flexisteel cable net with thick mesh. The trawler provides the propulsion to drive the entire contraption through the thick gasses, but the fishermen in the skiffs have the much more dangerous job of holding the net steady.

Different species of floaters represent another major hazard, but many ship captains also use the giant, unintelligent creatures as natural shields. Just stay downwind of a floater that's big enough, conventional wisdom goes, and you'll be protected. The only problem is that while floaters have incredibly tough hides that can't be pierced by Corusca stones, they're incredibly slow. They also cut the number of stones one can reasonably expect to catch by over half.

Corusca stones that aren't turned into fantastically expensive jewelry are broken up and sold for industrial purposes. Though it is not common knowledge, they may also be used in the construction of a lightsaber, though the technique has long been lost to history.

### **Corusca stone**

**Cost:** 20,000 credits **Weight:** 1 kg

## GM Notes: Yavin Floaters

Not long after the Battle of Yavin, the Empire awarded control of fishing rights in Yavin's atmosphere to the Damarind Corporation. Independent operators still ply a trade, but since independents are now required to dock at the Damarind Fishing Station and sell their catches to the corporation, many have fallen on hard times or even crime.

Many hazards stand between Corusca fishermen and their catch, not the least of which are the high-speed stones themselves, which can puncture ship's hulls even if shielded. However, the native creatures represent a much more visually impressive danger. Two primary species of floaters roam Yavin's upper atmosphere to imperil fishing vessels and unlucky starships.

The "herbivore" floaters resemble the beldons of Bespin, except twice as large and with stunted tentacles ringing their central mouthparts. Herbivore floaters usually don't travel in groups. There is, of course, the chance that a herbivore will accidentally swallow a starship while feeding on atmospheric algae and gasses or lash out with a tentacle if disturbed. But the primary danger to fishing vessels and other ships is simply collision -- and the explosion that could result if the impact cost the floater more than half its Wound Points (see Species Traits, below).

The predatory "hunter-floaters" usually survive by feeding on the herbivores (but only when traveling in packs of 2d4 individuals). Lone hunter-floaters, apparently packless adolescents, are more likely to be encountered by heroes when the massive monsters are hunting an unsuspecting Corusca trawler. Hunter-floaters resemble gargantuan inflated sharks and show rudimentary intelligence.

Note: Floaters are so large that their size is described using starship scale.

## Species Traits

**Explosive:** No species of floater can survive outside of Yavin's thick atmosphere, and they will not voluntarily leave the cloud cover. If a floater is somehow pulled more than halfway outside of Yavin's atmosphere or loses more than half of its Wound Points, the creature explodes, inflicting 8d10 points of damage on any ship or creature within 4 km.

**Yavin Floater Herbivore:** Airborne herd animal 2; Init -6 (+2 airborne, -4 Dex, -4 size); Defense 4 (-4 size, -4 Dex, +2 natural), touch 2, flat-footed 8; Spd fly (poor, Yavin only) 10 m; VP/WP 17/88; Atk +13 melee (1d6 +16, 10 tentacles) or -7 ranged; SQ Explosive, swallow whole; SV Fort +8, Ref -4, Will -3; SZ G (Face/Reach 1 km by 1 km/100 m); FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +0; Str 43, Dex 2, Con 21, Int 1, Wis 8, Cha 2. Challenge Code D.

*Skills:* Listen +3, Spot +3, Survival +3.

*Feats:* None.

**Yavin Hunter-Floater:** Airborne predator 5; Init +2 (-1 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative, -1 size); Defense 14 (-1 size, -1 Dex, +6 natural), touch 8, flat-footed 15; Spd fly (average, Yavin only) 80 m; VP/WP 56/96; Atk +22 melee (5d8 +18, bite) or +3 ranged; SQ +20 species bonus to Hide checks in Yavin's atmosphere, explosive, swallow whole; SV Fort +10, Ref +3, Will +4; SZ L (Face/Reach 50 m by 120 m/10 m); FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +0; Str 46, Dex 8, Con 22, Int 2, Wis 17 Cha 10. Challenge Code F.

*Skills:* Hide +14, Spot +9, Survival +9.

*Feats:* Improved Initiative.

## Addendum

*Target: "Family Jewels"*

*System: Yavin*

*In-system: 2 days, 7.2 standard hours*

I've got it. It really exists. And if this one exists, they *all* might. This find alone is enough to let me retire in comfort to a small estate on Rodia. Four more, and I should be able to buy the western hemisphere, at least. They'll have to respect my professional credentials now, too. They'll name a museum after me if I have to build it myself. But when they all see this, I won't have to.

The storage pod is definitely ancient. As old as my data crystal, according to TU-5, which only makes sense. And inside, five of the biggest Corusca gems I've ever seen. There haven't been stones this big harvested in this system for thousands of years.

If only Captain Jymbud and his crew were still alive to get their cut. Blast it, there was just no time to warn them. If I hadn't cut my skiff free in time, the floater pack would have torn me apart, too. Looks like the old Tanwa luck is holding out; TU was keeping my comlink channel open.

Next stop, the thirteenth moon.

## Part 2: Lucky Thirteen

By Cory Herndon

*Treasure hunter Suz Tanwa went on to become the wealthiest and most famous xenoarchaeologist in the New Republic. But not long after the destruction of the first Death Star, she was just a Rodian female with dreams of fortune and glory. Her dreams were fast becoming reality thanks to an old family heirloom -- an amulet holding a 4,000-year-old data crystal containing, among other things, the coordinates to a multitude of treasures hidden centuries ago in the Yavin system by one of her clan ancestors.*

*In last week's journal excerpt (from Tanwa's recently-released autobiography) she discovered the first ancient storage pod deep within the atmosphere of the gas giant Yavin itself. This week, Suz Tanwa seeks the second pod on dry, harsh Yavin 13.*

### Yavin 13

**Planet Type:** Terrestrial (moon)

**Climate:** Dry, hot

**Terrain:** Desert, rocky plains, cacti forests

**Atmosphere:** Breathable

**Gravity:** Standard

**Diameter:** 6,794 km

**Length of Day:** 19 standard hours

**Length of Year:** 4,818 standard days

**Sentient Species:** Gerbs, Slith

**Language:** Gerbese, Slithian

**Population:** 43 million (19 million Slith, 24 million Gerbs)

**Species Mix:** Gerbs 53%, Slith 47%

**Government:** Tribal

**Major Exports:** None

**Major Imports:** None

**System/Planet:** Yavin

**Region:** Outer Rim

## Captain Suz Tanwa's Hunt Log

*Target: "Family Jewels"*

*System: Yavin*

*In-system: 3 days, 7 standard hours*

You would have thought that flying a stone-fishing skiff, on my own, for the first time, while maneuvering it into position to retrieve a 4,000-year-old storage pod at 20 atmospheres and escaping before a giant mindless balloon ate me would have been the *hard* part of this expedition to the Yavin system. But I'm beginning to think my troubles are only beginning. See, the second hidden cargo pod described in my amulet data crystal didn't stay so hidden over the years.

It was bound to happen. My ancestor did the best he could, but he's been dead for four millennia. Then again, you'd think he would have mentioned that the thirteenth moon of Yavin is inhabited by more than cacti. In fact, it's not even much of a desert planet. Most of the southern hemisphere is open, shallow sea, which spreads what little moisture there is into the atmosphere.

I set out this morning with my scanner showing the pod a half-click north of my landing position. I'd have gotten closer, but the *Reeko's* landing sensors wouldn't let me -- the pod was sitting in the middle of some kind of cave formation that made the moon's surface look like Byss cheese. No point in risking the ship. Besides, for a desert planet, it looked like a fairly cool day. The gas giant was blocking Yavin's sun, so temperatures were about what you'd expect on an early morning on Rodia, just without the humidity. Without *any* humidity. I left TU on the *Reeko* just in case and brought my extra hold-out blaster along with the usual supplies.

My scanner showed that the pod was some 20 meters beneath the surface, but my own eyes showed what looked like a fairly flat, rolling plain up ahead. The only real evidence of a tunnel network underneath the surface - one that was looking less and less natural to me -- was the absence of cacti. Couldn't see any entrances, though.

Some treasure hunters might have started looking for a tunnel, but I didn't know how long I had before someone, probably the Imperials, noticed my moon-hopping and decided to see what I was up to. Time wasn't on my side. I marched straight out into the grassy plain until the scanner showed I was standing directly above the pod's homing beacon, in a sandy patch where nothing was growing. (In retrospect, that probably should have told me something. I need to write a textbook for treasure hunters someday, warn them about this sort of thing. Make a note). I whipped out my vibroshovel, jammed it into the dirt. I certainly didn't expect the dirt to hit me back.

Four snakes, each one almost 5 meters long, surfaced in the loose sand, throwing me off balance and onto my rear. They almost immediately had me surrounded, hovering over me like, well, giant snakes. They hissed and snapped at each other, and occasionally eyed me. No, they weren't just hissing, they were *talking*. Intelligent snakes. Well, why not? I held tight onto the deactivated 'shovel, but decided to just remain still and see what they did.

Intelligent or not, they flicked me a few times in the face with forked tongues, hiss-talked a little more, then seemed to come to some kind of agreement. One of them coiled itself around my torso in the blink of an eye, pinning my arms to my sides and making me drop my vibroshovel. I stifled a yelp, since it wasn't squeezing hard enough to suffocate me I didn't want to give it reason to do so.

The giant snake carried me within its coils in a sort of sideways slither, then dropped me in front of a 1-meter hole I'd missed set deep in the side of a small hill. I sat up slowly, and the snakes all backed away. One made a weird, not-hissing noise -- a cluck, I guess -- then they all dropped onto their bellies and side-slithered away. They were gone before I could get to my feet.

I retrieved my 'shovel and peered into the hole, but dropped it again in alarm when a furry visage that looked like a mammalian version of a proper Rodian face -- except with giant pink ears like dishes -- appeared inches away. I jumped back, and the large black pair of eyes was joined by two more. I scooted back on my hands and feet as the two Rodian-sized rodents shuffled cautiously from their cave, chittering excitedly. One of them seemed to win a short argument, raised a simple spear in the air, and squeaked in my direction. Then it slowly lowered the spear to the ground and stepped back, *nodding* at me, then at my vibroshovel. (Who knew rodents could nod?)

I locked eyes with the bolder of the two, picked up my 'shovel, and placed it on the ground opposite the spear. Hope he didn't think it was a gift. I only had the one.

As soon as I took my hands off the shovel, both of them started hopping back and forth on their feet, *really* excited this time. One of them squeaked something back down the tunnel, and within another few seconds, the first two parted to make way for a third big rodent. This one had graying fur and moved more slowly. Unlike the others, he wore a simple homespun tunic.

Between two large, broad paws, he held the pod.

The old rodent shuffled over to me, around the implements on the ground, and placed the pod on the soil before me. He touched a blue button on the side of the half-meter-by-half-meter cylinder, and atop the pod a sparkling blue hologram sputtered to life. The figure speaking made no sound -- apparently the audio circuits had corroded -- but the face of my Rodian ancestor was unmistakable.

"Rodian," the old rodent said slowly, then nodded at me again. It slapped its chest and then said something that sounded like "Gerb." I nodded, touched my own chest and replied, "Rodian." Then I pointed a sucker-tip at him and said "Gerb."

That seemed to be enough. He nodded one more time, and then all three rodents turned and hopped on broad feet back into their tunnel. I was alone with the reassuring face of the founder of the Tanwa clan for another few minutes, watching as the long-corroded batteries powering the hologram faded, then finally gave out.



I signaled TU-5 to bring the ship over and lower the ramp. I'm no first contact specialist.

# Addendum

*Target: "Family Jewels"*

*System: Yavin*

*In-system: 3 days, 9 standard hours*

No Corusca gems, but something that should fetch a nice price from the appropriate buyer: some kind of small crystalline pyramid that's made from the same material as my ancient amulet. That makes me think this pyramid may be for data recording, perhaps even a legendary "holocron." Unfortunately, those legends hold that you need to be some kind of Jedi to make one work, and they're all dead. I sure can't make it do anything. Still, to the right buyer, definitely a priceless artifact.

On to Yavin 8. Definitely no sentient species *there* to get in my way. Just need to make sure I bundle up.

Ugh. Rodents. Why did it have to be rodents?

## GM Notes: Sentient Species of Yavin 13

Yavin 13 is one of the three moons of Yavin capable of supporting life (all of which, for reasons not entirely clear, became inhabited by intelligent species at some point in their history). The dry moon is home to the serpentine Slith, a nomadic hunter-gatherer people that live a sidwinding existence on the rocky surface; and the rodentlike Gerbs, who have perfected simple farming techniques on the grasslands and in their underground warrens. The two species would seem to have a naturally adversarial relationship, but as yet they have maintained a fairly stable peace built entirely on avoiding each other whenever possible.

Both Gerbs and Slith are unknown to the galaxy at large until late in the Rebellion era.

### The Slith

Slith society is patriarchal. The limbless reptilians travel the deserts in packs of eight to 15 individuals -- usually an alpha male, a pair of mating females, a "lieutenant" male, and offspring of both sexes not yet capable of fending for themselves. They will not usually attack on sight, as they prefer to hunt prey of their choice and are easily spooked by loud technology. To date, no known Slith have left Yavin 13.

**Slith Commoner:** Init -1; Defense 9 (-1 Size); Spd 10 m; VP/WP —/12; Atk +0 melee (1d4 + poison, bite) or -1 ranged; SQ +8 species bonus to Intimidate checks, limbless, primitive, venom; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; SZ L (2 m by 4 m); FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 7; Challenge Code: A.

*Equipment:* None.

*Skills:* Craft (any one) +1 or Profession (any one) +1, Knowledge (any one) +1, Intimidate +6, Speak Slithian.

*Feats:* None.

*Species Traits:* +2 Str, +2 Con, -2 Int, -4 Cha.

*Automatic Language:* Slithian.

*Special Qualities:* Bone hearing -- Slith gain a +4 species bonus to Listen checks when in contact with solid ground.

Limbless -- the Slith are a limbless species and can't be knocked prone. They can pick up objects within their coils or mouths such as rocks or spears, but they can't operate complex equipment that requires manual dexterity, such as blasters or datapads. Slith can carry one Medium-sized (or smaller) creature in their coils with a successful grapple check. If necessary, a Slith could hit a large button with its nose.

Primitive -- see the Ewok species description in the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook.



Venom -- any character or creature hit with a Slith's venomous bite attack must make an immediate Fortitude save against DC 14 or suffer 1d2 points of Dexterity damage. One minute later, the victim must make another Fortitude save against DC 12 or take 1d2 points of Constitution damage. Gerbs are immune to Slith venom.

## The Gerbs

These rodentlike creatures live in small underground communities of around ten family units. They move from place to place with small hops, and they are prodigious jumpers.

Gerbs live an agricultural existence and, like the Slith, have extremely limited knowledge about life in the greater galaxy, high technology, or space travel. What the Gerbs *have* figured out is how to understand the hissing Slithian language, no doubt as an evolutionary defense mechanism.

**Gerb Commoner:** Init +2; Defense 12 (+1 Dex, +1 Size); Spd 10 m; VP/WP —/8; Atk –1 melee (1d4–1, stone knife) or +1 ranged; SQ +8 species bonus to Jump checks, +4 species bonus to Reflex saves, immune to Slith venom, primitive, species bonus feat (Alertness); SV Fort –1, Ref +5, Will +0; SZ S; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +0; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 8, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 12; Challenge Code: A.

*Equipment:* Personal belongings (primitive clothing and tools).

*Skills:* Craft (any one) +1, Jump +7, Profession (any one) +1, Knowledge (any one) +2, Speak Gerbese, Speak Slithian (understand only).

*Feats:* Alertness.

*Species Traits:* –2 Str, +2 Dex, –2 Con, +2 Wis, +2 Cha.

*Automatic Language:* Gerbese and Slithian (understand only).

*Special Qualities:* Primitive -- see the Ewok species description in the *Star Wars Roleplaying Gamerevised* core rulebook.

## Part 3: Crazy Eight

By Cory Herndon

*Famed xenoarchaeologist and treasure hunter (the distinction is meaningless to a Rodian) Suz Tanwa made her fortune in the Yavin system, though her discoveries remained relatively uncelebrated until the establishment of the New Republic. In this week's installment from her autobiography, the Tanwa clan's most valuable heirloom -- a data crystal containing the locations of treasure-filled cargo pods dating from the days of Sith Lords Exar Kun and Darth Revan -- leads Suz to the eighth moon of Yavin. It is a tundra world where water is abundant, but found in liquid form only beneath the equatorial mountain ranges that belt the moon (except during brief, occasional planetary thaws). According to this journal entry, the third storage pod described by the Tanwa amulet rested within those very mountains.*

### Yavin 8

**Planet Type:** Terrestrial (moon)

**Climate:** Dry, cold

**Terrain:** Mountains, tundra

**Atmosphere:** Breathable (oxygen-breathers with Constitution of 6 or less require breathing equipment)

**Gravity:** Standard

**Diameter:** 11,400 km

**Length of Day:** 21 standard hours

**Length of Year:** 4,818 standard days

**Sentient Species:** Melodies (discovered 18 years after Battle of Endor)

**Language:** Melodese

**Population:** 54 million

**Species Mix:** Melodies 100%

**Government:** Tribal

**Major Exports:** None

**Major Imports:** None

**System/Planet:** Yavin

**Region:** Outer Rim

### Captain Suz Tanwa's Hunt Log

*Target: "Family Jewels"*

*System: Yavin*

*In-system: 4 days, 20 standard hours*

This may be my last entry. I know I've said that before, but one of these days I'm going to be right.

I'm sitting in a dark, damp, cave somewhere under the mountains of Yavin 8, and something is hunting me. A lot of somethings, I think. Fortunately, this old pod was built to last. There's no way I could have treaded water for the last 10 hours, but the pod floats.

It began simply enough. Once again I brought the *Reeko* in to a safe landing point, this time even closer to the homing signal from the pod. It appeared that when my Rodian ancestor jettisoned this one, it landed high in the equatorial mountains. What little information I had on the tundra-covered eighth moon said that its share of dangerous creatures tended to stick to the tundra and avoid the mountains entirely. So a short walk seemed safe enough. And it was, all the way out to the pod, which had embedded itself in the side of the mountain. When I got there on foot, I saw that a particularly sturdy scrub tree had grown around it sometime in the last four thousand years, so I hacked the pod clear with my vibroblade. That turned out to be a bad idea.

Cutting into the tree exposed the pod, which seemed as unharmed and intact as the first two. But when I shoved my trusty vibroshovel into four millennia's worth of muck and gravelly mud to leverage the pod free, the spade punched clean through the side of the mountain, like a knife through thin leather. The sudden lack of resistance made me lose my balance. I flailed, grabbing onto the old pod as I plummeted headlong into black, empty, underground space.

My fall didn't take me far. I hit water within fifteen, maybe twenty seconds, and managed to hold onto the pod. I even managed to hold onto my 'shovel and supply pack (including my recorder, obviously).

And that's how I ended up here. I don't dare move in the direction of whatever those creatures are, because they don't sound friendly, but for some reason, they won't come out to me either. I know they can see me, or at least sense me somehow. They react with more gibbering whenever I splash or MAKE A PARTICULARLY LOUD NOISE -- there, see? That got them riled up -- but they won't come after me. I already called TU-5, but I have no idea if he'll be able to get the *Reeko* close enough to rescue me, or even get a clear transmission from my homing signal. So here I am, speaking my last words into this blasted recording unit, which is probably a waste of battery power -- wait.

They've stopped jabbering. And something just moved past my leg under the water. This might be it.

## Addendum

*Target: "Family Jewels"*

*System: Yavin*

*In-system: 5 days, 4.7 standard hours*

Something is seriously peculiar about this system. This makes two moons and one gas giant visited by this lucky member of the Tanwa clan, and I've got three intelligent species that no one will ever believe I discovered. The attached datafile has specific observations and information on this latest species, the Melodies. The data is all I could glean from gestures and a few simple words we managed to teach each other. In exchange for a datapad containing a children's Basic tutorial and taking the strange metal pod away from their cave, they not only spared my life, but the young ones escorted me all the way back to the *Reeko*. The only catch is, I had to promise them that I'd keep this data safe and secret. I'll be happy to, at least until such time as they decide to join the rest of the galaxy (or the Empire finds them).

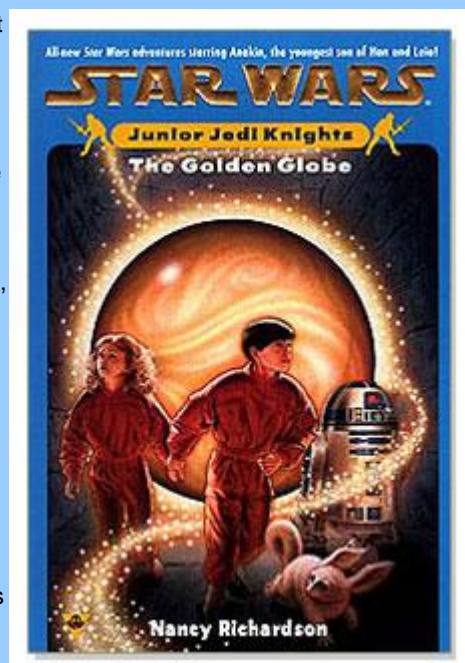
I almost forgot -- my ancestor's storage pod was indeed intact as I suspected, and contained what at the time must have been a powerful blaster weapon. By modern standards, it is a fairly primitive pistol with a slow refire rate that requires power packs that haven't existed for four thousand years. But while it may not be as powerful as the one I wear on my hip, it's in flawless condition and should net me plenty of credits from the right collector.

## GM Notes: Melodies

Though the amphibious Melodies befriended Suz Tanwa, she did not reveal her knowledge of their existence until Anakin Skywalker discovered the species independently in the Golden Globe incident.

The Yavin 8 natives hatch from eggs on dry land, and live their childhoods around the underground freshwater lakes deep inside the caverns and inlets of the moon's equatorial mountain ranges. The young ones guard their elders, who become fully aquatic in young adulthood and live in deep underground lakes within the mountains. The children also protect their elders during the Changing Ceremony, a period of several weeks during which each Melodie is helpless. As the air-breathing youth transforms into an aquatic adult in shallow pools coated with special oxygen-converting algae, the children guard their elders with their very lives. During this process, an adult Melodie's legs grow together into a finned tail, and she grows gills capable of drawing oxygen from the remarkably predator-free fresh water. Soon after, she leaves the shallows for deeper lakes.

Before Anakin's discovery, misunderstandings between Melodie children and unexpected newcomers could result in conflict -- and usually did, with very bad results for the newcomers. Suz Tanwa was lucky.



**Melodie Commoner (Youth):** Init +1 (Size); Defense 11 (+1 Size);

Spd 8 m, swim 10 m; VP/WP —/8; Atk —1 melee (1d2–1, unarmed strike) or +0 ranged; SQ +8 species bonus to Swim checks, +4 species bonus to Hide checks, hold breath, primitive; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +0; SZ S; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +0; Str 8, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 11; Challenge Code: A.

*Equipment:* Personal belongings.

*Skills:* Craft (any one) +2, Hide +5, Knowledge (any one) +2, Read/Write Ancient Sith, Speak Melodese, Swim +7.

*Feats:* None.

*Species Traits:* –2 Str, +2 Con.

*Automatic Language:* Melodese.

*Special Qualities:* Hold Breath -- see the Gungan species description in the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook.

Primitive -- see the Ewok species description in the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook.

**Melodie Commoner (adult):** Init +0; Defense 10; Spd swim 12 m, crawl 2 m; VP/WP —/11; Atk +0 melee (1d3, unarmed strike) or +0 melee (1d4, tail slap) or +0 ranged; SQ +16 species bonus to Swim checks, breathe underwater, fully aquatic, primitive; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 0; Rep +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 11; Challenge Code: A.

*Equipment:* Personal belongings.

*Skills:* Craft (any one) +2, Hide +5, Knowledge (any one) +2, Read/Write Ancient Sith, Speak Melodese, Swim +7.

*Feats:* None.

*Automatic Language:* Melodese.

*Special Qualities:* Breathe Underwater -- see the Mon Calamari species description in the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook.

Fully Aquatic -- an adult Melodie requires fresh water for oxygen and can't walk on land. Instead, the legless Melodie may drag him- or herself with upper arms only, giving them a land speed of 2 meters. (This is necessary when the adults return to shore briefly to lay eggs.) A Melodie out of fresh water is considered to be in an airless environment (see "Suffocation and Drowning" in Chapter 12 of the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook), which makes egg-laying even more risky.

Primitive -- see the Ewok species description in the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook.

## Part 4: Four Sighted

By Cory Herndon

*The fourth moon of Yavin has been occupied by many different sentient species over thousands of years of galactic history -- the native, doomed Massassi, slain by Exar Kun; Humans serving the masters of the Sith, the Jedi, the Republic, and the Rebellion; and, according to her ancient data crystal, at least one of Suz Tanwa's Rodian ancestors. The treasure hunter followed that ancestor's directions to a well-hidden storage pod left behind four thousand years earlier, but had to account for something her millennia-old directions didn't: the wreckage of the Death Star, still in orbit around Yavin 4 and the subject of a Imperial forensic salvage operation.*

*Tanwa describes her visit to the gas giant's most famous moon in this week's excerpt from her recently released memoirs.*

### Yavin 4\*

**Planet Type:** Terrestrial (moon)  
**Climate:** Temperate to tropical  
**Terrain:** Jungle, rainforest  
**Atmosphere:** Breathable  
**Gravity:** Standard  
**Diameter:** 10,200 km  
**Length of Day:** 24 standard hours  
**Length of Year:** 4,818 standard days  
**Sentient Species:** None  
**Languages:** None  
**Population:** None  
**Species Mix:** None  
**Government:** None  
**Major Exports:** None  
**Major Imports:** None  
**System/Planet:** Yavin  
**Region:** Outer Rim

*\* These stats differ slightly from those in Geonosis and the Outer Rim Worlds. They reflect Yavin 4 at the time of Suz Tanwa's visit, a period during which no sentients lived permanently on the jungle moon.*

### Captain Suz Tanwa's Hunt Log

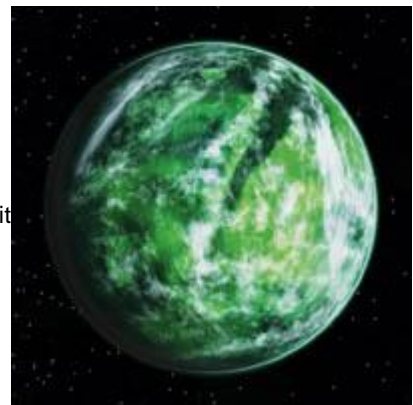
*Target: "Family Jewels"*

*System: Yavin*

*In-system: 5 days, 17.5 standard hours*

Much as I'd love to get a look at the huge, pyramidlike structures my scanners picked up on the far side of this moon -- the data crystal indicated they were packed with treasures and loot, or at least they were 4,000 years ago -- there are just too many Imperials that would probably want a closer look at the *Reeko's* registry. That salvage operation looked nonmilitary and was definitely winding down, but even nonmilitary Imperial jobs nearing an end seem to come equipped with four TIE squadrons and a pair of Dreadnaughts these days. They're all staying in rough geosynchronous orbit right over those ziggurats, which actually helps me, since I'm headed to the other side.

The wreckage of that space station the Rebels blew up must be pretty valuable to the Emperor if his lackeys are still picking through it. Funny, I heard it was an educational facility full of schoolchildren, but you can't believe what you read in the sludgenews. Maybe after they clear out, I'll investigate.



Oh, who am I kidding? I'm going to retire if I pull this job off.

As long as I head to the far side and shut down main power, Yavin's natural electromagnetic interference should hide the rest of the ship's systems, including TU-5. The fourth pod should be under the dense rainforest on the opposite side of the moon. My next entry will be recorded on the sur --

## Addendum 1

*Target: "Family Jewels"*

*System: Yavin*

*In-system: 5 days, 17.6 standard hours*

Wonderful. Fantastic. This just . . . couldn't be better.

I'm hanging upside-down from my safety harness in the cockpit of the *Reeko*, and I sure hope the recorder keeps running, because I'm looking at a large cluster of what I think the crystal described as "grena --"

## Addendum 2

*Target: "Family Jewels"*

*System: Yavin*

*In-system: 6 days, 1.8 standard hours*

Testing. Recording one, two, testing.

All right. That wasn't as bad as it -- ouch -- could have been. The recorder's back in one piece, as am I. The *Reeko* has been righted and covered in camo netting, and TU-5 is carrying out repairs to the hull and cockpit. We should be back in Yavin orbit and on to our last stop before the Imperials figure out what happened. And most of a treasure is better than no treasure at all.

I should have expected that the Imperials would mine Yavin 4. I mean, if I had lost a giant educational facility to Rebel terrorists over a particular moon, I might expect those terrorists to be using it as a hideout. Couldn't have them coming back now, could they? When we landed (and I last had my recorder running), I found myself looking through the cockpit window at a cluster of ripe blue grenade fungi, a curious local species that spreads its spores via explosive combustion. Turns out a dozen would have been enough to reduce me to a pulp. As it was, the blast merely shattered the cockpit window and knocked out my recorder. While I put TU to work fixing the *Reeko*, I grabbed my field gear and crawled out into the jungle.

The scanner had to be wrong. The screen showed the pod's beacon was moving away from me. Why would a sealed cargo pod sit in one place for four millennia and then run off at the first sign of trouble?

A few seconds later, the direction changed again. Now it was coming back toward me. That was good, since I'd made it all of 10 meters in the thick undergrowth so far. Then it turned to the right, then the left, and as I stared incredulously at the scanner, it started to circle me.

Finally, I stopped staring into the scanner and looked up at the dark jungle. The shadows were broken only by a few shafts of Yavin-light, a glint off the silver-green hull of the *Reeko*, and roughly a dozen pairs of blinking, glowing eyes.

They were called "woolamanders," according to my datapad. Fairly intelligent for little arboreals, though not truly sentient as far as anyone could tell (or bother to find out). As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I could make out at least a half dozen of them holding pieces of my ancient cargo pod, including a large section that contained the homing beacon, which still blinked red in the darkness. The little woolamanders couldn't have taken the sturdy pod apart. Then I noticed the gleaming silver edges of the pod's fracture points sparkle in the eerie reddish light. No corrosion on the edges. That could only mean --

I shattered the pod, with the *Reeko*, when we crash landed. Chihdo always said my aim was dead-on. Guess he was right.

But what about the pod's contents? The pod was a fascinating artifact in and of itself, but I had three already. The real treasure contained therein had to be around somewhere. I couldn't see that the woolamanders had anything like what my ancestor described on the datacrystal. Then, as if guided by that "Force" you used to hear so much about back in the day, my eyes lit upon my prize: the armor of an ancient Sith Lord who had once enslaved my ancestor. It hung suspended from a tree branch overhead, and the woolamanders seemed to be giving it a wide berth.

It's nice armor. Amazing armor, really. But I do find it hard to believe it really belonged to the man that the crystal said it belonged to. I mean, Exar Kun? Was he even a real person? I'm beginning to think that the ancestor I recently "met" on Yavin 13 may not have always been honest, even with his own progeny. I've attached the pertinent data to this file for posterity. You never know which journal entry might be your last.

## GM Notes: Grenade Fungi

One of Yavin 4's strangest local life forms are the aptly named grenade fungi, which grow in clusters of blue-green sporepods (each about the size of a Human fist) on the sides of trees, on the ground, and anywhere else they can find purchase. When ripe, they turn a darker blue and reproduce at the first opportunity by exploding violently. Botanists believe the heat produced by combustion during reproduction makes the fungus spores viable. Carefully removed spores that have not been treated with heat can't reproduce in a laboratory, which is probably why the curious fungus has never been harvested for military purposes.

A character must make a Spot check against DC 10 to locate a grenade fungi cluster of 2d6 sporepods within 10 meters (one check may be made per round). If the character has never encountered the species before or has no ranks in Knowledge (Yavin), the DC increases to 20. If the character passes through the same square without seeing the fungi, there is a 50% chance that the cluster is ripe enough to explode. Each individual sporepod inflicts 1d8 points of heat damage on all characters within a 4-meter blast radius (Reflex save DC 10 for half). For example, a cluster of eight pods inflicts 8d8 points of damage. If another pod cluster exists within the blast radius, there's a 50% chance that it, too, will explode, and so on.

Ripe grenade fungi can be plucked safely and tossed a maximum of 6 meters by a character that makes a DC 20 Dexterity check on the pluck and a DC 24 Dexterity check on the throw. Treat the fungus as a grenadelike weapon. Characters that can move objects telekinetically need not make these Dexterity checks.

## GM Notes: Exar Kun's Light Battle Suit

Dark Lord of the Sith Exar Kun led a war of conquest against the Republic nearly fifty years before Darth Revan and Malak led a very different Sith force against the same foe -- and four millennia before the Galactic Civil War. Supposedly, he wore this suit of armor into battle against the Jedi, and that is how Suz Tanwa's Rodian ancestor described it. Whether or not Kun ever actually wore the armor, no one can say for sure. Whatever the case, it is certainly a priceless example of Old Republic design and can still offer ample, lightweight protection to the wearer.

**Cost:** For sale by negotiation only  
(minimum 50,000)

**Damage Reduction:** 10

**Max Dex Bonus:** +3

**Armor Check Penalty:** -4

**Speed (10 m):** 10 **Speed (6 m):** 6 **Weight:** 14 kg

**Special Qualities:** Strength Bonus -- grants the wearer +2 Strength. Wearer must be Force-sensitive and have the appropriate Armor Proficiency feat to gain this benefit.

Cortosis Weave -- the armor is laced with cortosis fiber. Unless it is cortosis-resistant, a lightsaber does not ignore damage reduction when it scores a hit on the wearer.

Dark Side Taint -- a Force-sensitive character who wears Exar Kun's Light Battle Suit takes a -2 penalty to all saves made to resist dark side Force powers. He also receives a dark side point every time he inflicts a melee killing blow on another sentient being, even if the action is in self-defense or might otherwise be justified as a "light side" action.

## Part 5: Twenty-Two Catch

By Cory Herndon

*Suz Tanwa, Rodia's best-known treasure hunter of the New Republic era, made her most startling find on a little-known hunk of rock that orbited the gas giant Yavin, her last stop on a week-long expedition that made her reputation (and also made her very wealthy).*

*Tanwa's previous four stops in the Yavin system had seen her retrieve ancient cargo pods sealed and hidden by her clan ancestor four thousand years earlier. Their still-active transponder codes -- recorded on a data crystal handed down for two hundred generations -- revealed the pods scattered throughout the planetary system.*

*The fifth cargo pod never launched, according to the crystal. Yet somehow, Tanwa detected that its beacon was active and broadcasting from a tiny hunk of cold rock called Yavin 22.*

### Yavin 22

**Type:** Captured asteroid satellite  
**Climate:** Dry, cold  
**Terrain:** Craters, lava plains, mountains  
**Atmosphere:** None  
**Gravity:** 0.15 Standard  
**Diameter:** 954 km  
**Length of Day:** 11.83 standard hours  
**Length of Year:** 4,818 standard days  
**Sentient Species:** None  
**Language:** n/a  
**Population:** 0  
**Species Mix:** n/a  
**Government:** None  
**Major Exports:** None  
**Major Imports:** None  
**System/Planet:** Yavin  
**Region:** Outer Rim

### Captain Suz Tanwa's Hunt Log

*Target: "Family Jewels"*  
*System: Yavin*  
*In-system: 6 days, 23.5 standard hours*

I can't believe I'm saying it, but I'm going to miss this system. This last week, I've gotten to know it better than most, I suspect, and I think there's a lot to learn here. A ridiculous number of sentient, or maybe-sentient, species, for example. But it's time I moved on. I've got a fortune to make.

But first, there are a few things I need to make sure to record, especially since I'm probably the first being to set foot on the twenty-second moon of Yavin in four millennia. The last one was my ancient ancestor, Suvam Tan.

He was the master of an old abandoned Republic outpost he called (kind of simply) Yavin Station. It sounded like he ended up in charge when no one else was left to say no, but he held onto it because the food stores were almost completely full, there was plenty of power in the systems, and he didn't have a ship, anyway. Suvam also had a way with invention, and customers soon began to show up to purchase his creations. As long as he could build things like that old blaster from the wreckage of Exar Kun's temples on Yavin 4, everyone from Trandoshan slavers to smugglers of every stripe did business with him. And he knew where to look on Yavin 4 for parts, too. My great-great-great-great -- well, great-something -- had been enslaved there during Kun's Sith War, and had marked out key points to come back to if he ever got the chance. Treasure hunting is in the Tanwa clan's blood, I guess.



But it couldn't last, it turned out. Yavin Station was made of substandard metal bought on the cheap, and entropy was going to have its way sooner or later. The Republic had built it using alloys made with Tatooine ore, which was still being mined and exported to the Rim back then. These days, it's pretty common knowledge among the scientific community that Tatooine ore is worthless. Even worse, alloys made from it tend to look good for a while -- maybe even a long while -- and then suddenly fracture and explode. Suvam started hiding his most prized treasures in these old cargo pods when he realized Yavin Station was coming apart, and he sent them out to places where he thought they'd be well hidden for a good long time (which shows just how smart he was).



**Yavin Station (from Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic)**

He sent the data crystal I'm wearing with the last cargo ship that ever docked at the station, and they delivered it to his only child on Rodia. According to a final log entry on the data crystal recorded by someone other than Suvam -- the captain of the ship that took the crystal to Suvam's son -- Yavin Station suffered explosive decompression as the freighter was undocking. The blast propelled the small, fragile outpost headlong toward the captured asteroid known as Yavin 22. That little hunk of stone is now Suvam Tan's final resting place.

The crystal made it to Suvam's son, that much is clear, and eventually to me. We Tanwas are just Tans with an extra syllable picked up during some civil war or other. I don't think I'll ever understand why Suvam's son didn't go looking for the loot himself, but I have to assume he didn't realize the crystal's true nature. To him, it was jewelry, and that's how it was treated for four thousand years of family history.

The wreckage of the station is remarkably well-preserved, as is -- was -- Suvam himself. He probably hadn't suffered long, since his body wasn't wearing a spacesuit, even if he was still alive when the station hit the twenty-second moon. The vacuum and cold had frozen him solid. He looked almost exactly as he did in the hologram wired into the old cargo pods, and I swear he was *smirking*.

I was not surprised to find the wreckage devoid of anything of real monetary value, though the wreck itself was of great archaeological worth. In the last four thousand years, it had obviously been picked over by junk scavengers and independent salvagers. But no one bothered with Suvam.

I thought about boxing him up, bringing him back with me. There was even room in the empty pod that he'd never had time to launch. But while that might be the smart treasure-hunter thing to do, it was creepy. Besides, I owed it to my ancestor to treat him as more than just another find. It was risky, especially with Imperial patrols no doubt searching for my ship, but I dug out the trusty vibroshovel and took an extra hour of precious time to bury him in the pod beneath the cold, cold ground of Yavin 22.



How could I not, once I had discovered Suvam's last gift to me? Tucked into his rear pocket, concealed from scavengers for 4,000 years, was a laser swo -- no, a *lightsaber*. Not a Jedi lightsaber, or a Sith lightsaber, but a lightsaber built by a long-dead genius whose genes ran through my veins. I really wish I'd gotten the chance to meet him when he was still alive.

This treasure I'm keeping. So I'll have to buy a smaller moon instead of a planet. Maybe when this war settles down, I'll see who holds the deed to Yavin 4.

## GM Notes: Suvam Tan's Lightsaber and the Wreckage of Yavin Station

Despite what Suz Tanwa's journal indicates, there remain many valuable, vacuum-preserved inventions in the ancient wreck of Yavin Station. (Her search was hasty at best, and these artifacts don't have powered homing beacons attached to them). The station struck the moon on its ventral surface, preserving much of the original shape -- a long central corridor with several branching passages lining the bulkheads that lead into larger modules. No single section is capable of containing atmosphere, so space suits or other means of vacuum survival are required for excavation.

Suvam Tan was indeed a genius, and he built his own functioning lightsaber -- a feat supposedly achievable only by Jedi, Sith, and other Force-sensitive beings -- using powerful Force-rich crystals he found on Yavin 4. These special crystals make the saber much more powerful than the standard Jedi model, though still extremely dangerous for a non Force-user. Tan himself probably never wielded it skillfully.

Suz Tanwa is unlikely to sell it, though she cannot wield it any better than Suvam. Properly motivated (or sufficiently unscrupulous) heroes might find a way to relieve her of the item, which she keeps on her person at most times.

### Suvam Tan's Lightsaber

<b>Cost:</b> Not for sale	<b>Damage:</b> 3d8	<b>Crit:</b> 18–20
<b>Type:</b> Energy	<b>Range:</b> —	<b>Weight:</b> 1 kg
<b>Size:</b> Medium	<b>Group:</b> Exotic	

**Special Qualities:** Force Crystal -- a special Force-saturated focusing crystal is at the heart of Suvam Tan's lightsaber. Force-sensitive characters who are proficient with lightsabers gain a +2 bonus to attacks and inflict an extra 2d8 points of damage.

Cortosis-Resistant -- this weapon's blade can harmonically separate cortosis molecules at the atomic level. Cortosis armor provides only one-half of the normal damage reduction when struck by Suvam Tan's lightsaber.